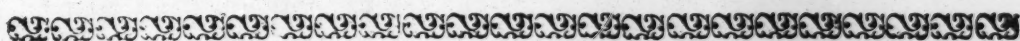


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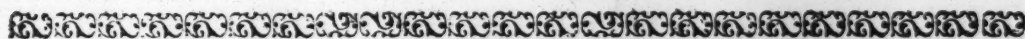
A

SATIRE.



Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.

Juvenal.



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SATIRE.

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L O N D O N :

A

S A T I R E.

SHALL I for ever view this vicious age,
 Yet tim'rouly confine, tho just, my rage?
 Shall I for ever see new follies rise,
 And fear to force those monsters from my eyes?
 Restraint like this, seems madness to the wise,
 For crimes so great, a keener pen require,
 Not *Flaccus*' sneer, but *Persius*' nobler fire;
 Nay, e'en a *Juvenal*, who, just and brave,
 Dealt equally his lash to King and slave.
 Wou'd we but turn those antient legends o'er,
 And all the *Roman* luxury explore,
 Great vices those, but greater we shou'd spy,
 If to our own we turn a naked eye;
 Naked, I mean unprejudic'd, and clear,
 Aw'd by no vice, controul'd by no mean fear.
 Satire, thus pointed, wou'd prove virtue's friend,
 This the intent, and this the real end.
 'Tis not for malice here to vent her spleen,
 A greater theme, far nobler the design.
 What tho an injur'd Poet lash the tribe,
 A cast off Courtier rail against a bribe,
 More gen'rous views thine, Satire, we shall find,
 To vanquish vice, and to reprove mankind.

As

As *Nile* thro' *Ægypt*'s land his tide displays,
 Hence the rich soil it's potent waves obeys.
 Hence plenty crowns, with smiling crops, the fields,
 And various Store hence fertile *Ægypt* yields,
 Thus, tho' comparisons 'twixt good and evil,
 Resembles virtue painted with the Devil ;
 When vice his dreaded influence has spread,
 And vanquish'd goodness dares not shew it's head,
 Crime follows crime, one vice succeeds another,
 Which, like foul weed, serve fairest crops to smother,
 Thus thro' the coast triumphant folly reigns,
 And makes the land surrender to her chains.
 Go, Satire, go, where *Thames* in eddies flows,
 Vice in like streams her dreaded tide bestows.
 Each day produces some unthought-for scene,
 Some courtier sham'd, or some brave patriot slain.
 But stay ! my lays are not for courts design'd,
 I mean to scourge the Follies of mankind :
 I mean at *White's* to scourge that senseless crew,
 Who nought but vice and infamy pursue.
 Lost to all honour's more enobled aim,
 Their whole intent and purpose is ---- to game.
 Hence the brisk youth, just fre'd from guardians care,
 Who seeks the Pleasures of the town to share,
 Caught by those sharpers, strait to *White's* repairs,
 There looses all, and then, too late, despairs.
 Or else, perhaps, pick'd up by some base jade,
 An artful wench, no novice in her trade ;
 He quaffs the goblets of Circæan wine,
 And, by these base enchantments, ends a swine ;
 Nay,

Nay, what is worse, depriv'd of all his store,
He serves the very Dame he kept before.

Pollius, adorn'd with ev'ry pleasing Grace,
Frequents, like other Youths, this glitt'ring place;
From Rout to Ball, with careless ease he moves,
At each Ridotto views his brilliant loves.
A Masquerade inspires his blissful mind,
Assemblies too, what sort? of ev'ry kind.
Now here, now there, this wanton Rover flies,
Expert in Billiards, more expert in Dice;
Backgammon too, this triple Gamester knows,
And, *Proteus*-like, excels in changing cloaths.
In pleasure thus--- in one small year--- before,
Our Heroe spends his whole estate--- or more.
Regardless still, poor *Pollius* views his fate,
And finds, too late, a small, or no estate.
What now remains to save this squand'ring heir,
Why? with that little left, to *White's* repair;
Bet high, talk loud, and bully--- but in vain,
What's won at first, with int'rest goes again.
Thus wretched, to his old acquaintance flies,
Makes known his case, and doubts not of supplies,
Begs their favour--- they scarce a trifle grant,
Protest they're sorry he's reduc'd to want;
Their own affairs, 'tis true, are not much better,
And tip with guinea this insolvent debtor.
Struck with remorse, a Penitent severe,
Ye Gods! cries he, was I but once more heir,
Then might I feel the real joys of life,
Enjoy tranquility, and wed a wife.

B

Thus

Thus said, immediate Messengers arrive,
 Declare his Uncle *Verrius* ceas'd to live.
 Vain joy! he scarce up-lifts his dreary eyes
 Confus'd by grief, o'ercome by such surprize.
 Once more, with strength renew'd, his soul revives,
 He smiling says, ' How frail are mortal lives!
 Once more enrich'd, his former vows are flown,
 Tell him he's wrong--he swears the estate's his own.
 To gaming now again this dupe returns,
 And with his usual love of pleasure burns;
 His days once more to luxury submit.
 And furloins yield to ev'ry foreign bit.
 A house is bought--- where? in town--- why so?
 For there these fancied pleasures chiefly flow;
 Still more extravagant he drinks and swears,
 And last night's rubber interrupts his pray'rs;
 With fury ---- this Coxcomb's frolics views,
 And scarce refrains from rail'ry and abuse;
 A thousand ways invents, whereby this Beau
 May see his error, and know friend from foe.
 In vain: for as a stream, impetuous, laves
 The sounding banks, no force can stop the waves.
 'Twou'd be such madness to oppose an heir,
 Whose sole ambition is a chaise and pair;
 A pair, said I--- a set will scarce suffice,
 While Gold in lumps about the harness lies:
 Poor *Pollius* thus his Uncle's fortune spends,
 And all his pomp in shameful beggary ends.

More wond'rous yet! for e'en the female choir
 This fashionable vice with zeal admire.

Gaming

Gaming, thou source of ev'ry future ill,
 How couldst thou thus thy principles instill
 Where nought but love shou'd act a sovereign's part,
 And *Cupid* only shou'd subdue the heart?
 Frail is the sex! those words, alas! how true;
 They know their faults, yet, knowing them, pursue.
 Their lives still thro' the same base channel glide,
 Where folly, ignorance, and vice preside;
 Noble and vulgar share an equal State,
 From Lady *B-tt-y*, to poor tatter'd *Kate*.
 If odds there are, the mighty bear the sway,
 Higher their stake, more frequent is their play.
 The chequer'd die my Lady's ensign stands,
 She yields the fan to more ignoble hands.
 From day to day the same, from year to year,
 And folly's scene's, continued still, appear.
 The cards and dice their week-day's sport afford,
 And cards and dice still solemnize the Lord.
 What's reformation! who can here amend?
 Since Pray'rs neglected serve to no such end.
 The pious Preachers zeal, then what avails,
 Since these discourses are less read than tales?
 Religion's laugh'd at, and who dare's be good,
 By one's call'd Hippocrite, by t'other Prude:
 Thus a contempt of God o'er all prevails,
 And folly triumphs, where blest virtue fails.
 Sure amongst these, one wise and good you'll find,
 Blest with all arts to teach and please mankind;
 Who, truly just, can gain admittance here,
 From whom the wanton just reproof may hear;
Esteem'd

Esteem'd by all, approv'd in ev'ry scene,
 In whom good nature, truth and sense convene.
 Such must he prove, who might reform our age,
 Whose virtues thus can ev'ry state engage;
 Mild in reproof, his words the vicious hear,
 He gains admittance to the sinners ear.

Behold! the play-house! troth! what find we here,
 A Coxcomb L--d, a powder'd, foppish P---;
 The Boxes cramm'd, whose benefit to night?
 'Tis Mrs. *Woffington's*; I vow, that's right.
 I take my seat, and with impatience sit,
 While orange show'rs infest the clam'rous Pit.
 The scene draws up, and *Woffington* appears,
 What noise! ye Gods! what shouts disturb my ears.
 Her very form, without the author's art,
 Stirs this commotion in each hearer's heart.
 Thy Plays avail not, *Shakespear*, nor thy sense;
 He that will please, must build on impudence:
 A brazen front, a handsome garb and gait,
 Will captivate a M--n--r of state.
 Between the acts their follies now explore
 My Muse: detest those things which they adore.
 The Beaux each Lady's shape and air admire,
 The Ladies view each brilliant Beau's attire;
 Where lace and diamonds for the mast'ry vie,
 And oft cut glass deludes the erring eye.
 A load of gold adorns each Lady's side,
 And paint, a pale complexion serves to hide:
 They ply the fan, and, with a laugh, disclose,
 Of iv'ry teeth, just bought, two handsome rows.
 Th'

Th' enamour'd Dupes, around, obedience pay,
 And try who most their Charmer shall obey;
 Looks answer looks, eyes meet advancing eyes,
 Sobs are return'd by sobs, and sighs by sighs;
 With rings, well set, the glitt'ring fingers move,
 And Gallantry supplies the Place of Love.
 While musick plays, the Audience curse the noise,
 And seek, with glass, to spy sublimer joys;
 They bow, spit, swear, nor ought Concerto's please,
 For *Handel's* self ne'er bragg'd such airs as these.
 Tir'd and fatigu'd I quit the noisy scene;
 Folly like this, excites in me disdain.
 Not that thy measures, *Row*, I disapprove,
 Or *Otway*, deeper skill'd in arts of love;
 Nor thee, great *Shakespeare*, Nature's, fancy's child,
 Whose thoughts in artless numbers seem to glide.
 Hence I retire, fresh folly to explore,
 And, Censor, traverse all the City o'er.
 At length a mask invites me to step in
 And view new follies in a varied scene;
 Here Vice our Native Innocence still wears,
 And the lewd Whore in *Flora's* dress appears:
 The Crook she bears, in this she puts defence,
 Sweet emblem of our former innocence.
 The Beau assumes the Rustic garb and mein,
 And now appears, in simple neatness, clean;
 Thus we the Gay in mimic features view,
 From Don and Monsieur, to the Turk and Jew.
 These innocent amusements I allow,
 If this was all, I wou'd not rave, I vow.

C

But

But here to find that vice triumphant reigns,
 That all are fetter'd by her various chains,
 It stirs my Muse, and animates my pen
 To deal the lash to such befotted men.
 To find such baseness like fair Virtue clad,
 And what is good serves to disguise the bad :
 Noble's the view, and generous the task,
 From the vile Hypocrite to rend the mask ;
 Lest the base croud, by his example led,
 Persuing Vice clandestinely shou'd tread.
 And outwardly assert blest Virtue's cause,
 Whilst inward hatred shou'd disdain her laws.
 The pray'rs and Church, perhaps, these may attend,
 That hence their goodness others shou'd commend.
 I fear, alas ! most men are thus inclin'd,
 And for one Virtuous, twenty base you'll find :
 If this proves true, then justly may't be said,
 That the whole world makes up a masquerade.
 Of Follies tir'd, to Church I take my way,
 To see if these poor sinful fools can pray ;
 I enter, pay, and take my seat---- when lo !
 From voice above, tremendous accents flow ;
 A just Divine, from Pulpit, vainly strove
 By threats, rewards, these stubborn hearts to move.
 When look on all sides, silk, brocade, and lace
 Convene in Pomp, to raise this heav'nly place ;
 Now steps a Beau, a Lady there, and here,
 With star and garter, Pompous L--ds appear.
 Why came they here ? they never came to pray,
 They certainly mistake, and wait a play :

From

From side to side they move their wond'ring eyes,
And Heav'n scarce gains a look, unless from some
Surprise.

Hark! hark! repent! repent! ah! mournful sound,
And yet neglected by the folks around.
'Tis not alone the Beau, Coquet or Rake,
The Rabble too this common sin partake;
Standing in Isles they view a charming shape,
Mistake great ---- for Lady B---y's ape;
Thus from the whole, from high to low, we see
That all the world's made up of Vanity.
The sermon done, the foolish Curt'sies o'er,
They all retire, and wish 't had done before.
Once more ashamed, I quit this sinful town,
Where, for my honesty, I'm stil'd a clown.
In snug stage coach next morn I take my seat,
And seek my wonted pleasure in retreat:
In lonely house, by crystal floods I live,
Plough up some little spots of land, and thrive.
As on my bed, one night, I lay reclin'd,
And sleep, that powerful passion, seiz'd my mind,
I dreamt what (here my Muse declare)
Occur'd from folly, sin, neglected pray'r.
Methought an antique form appear'd to view,
And, by her awe, my first attention drew;
But as she near approach'd my place of rest,
List to my words, she cries, and hence be blest.
No more! the Doctrine of the Charmer's tongue
Flow'd from her lips, like the sweet *Syrens* song;
Her melting accents like the snow descend,
And as they soft began in softness end.

Blessings

Blessings attend whom Virtue's dictates rule,
 Whilst gaiety and vice betray the fool.
 Whom reason guides, thro' goodness steers his course
 And grows still better, fearing to be worse.
 He shuns the dang'rous quick-sands of delight,
 Declines of pleasure the destructive fight;
 The wanton Lass, with all her witching Charms,
 His settled resolution ne'er disarms;
 The play, the ball, the masquerade he shuns,
 As the Pale debtor wou'd th'approaching Duns.
 By follies tir'd, like you, retirement seeks,
 Grave, unaccustom'd to such madmen's freaks.
 If court he seeks, he sues not to be great,
 But to amend some error in the state;
 Eager and active in his Country's cause,
 To raise her Interest, and promote her laws.
 But few, alas! so good and just you'll find,
 Not here alone, but e'en amidst mankind.
 Virtue, long since, the city has forlook,
 And to the plains and woods herself betook;
 There to the shepherd truly gives her laws,
 Whose lives and actions justify her cause:
 No fraud or prejudice his morals sway,
 Nor can Vice lead his Virtuous mind astray.

Thus Virtue shone in *Saturn's* golden days,
 Sent forth as bright, if not more brighten'd rays.
 Unhappy Isle, thou'rt lost to sense and shame,
 Tho worse thy sons, thy MONARCH's still the same.

F I N I S.

